Rabshakeh Vapulans:

OR, AN

ANSWER

TO THE

Tribe of Levi;

IN

VINDICATION

OF THE

CLERGY.

A

POEM.

WITH

A PREFACE, Reflecting on the *Wit* and *Civility* of that *famous Poem*, and some late *Pamphlets* of the same Nature.

A Poem in Vindication of the Clergy.

LONDON

Printed, and are to be sold by *Randal Taylor*, near *Stationers*-Hall. MDC XCI.

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THE PREFACE.

WERE there not a certain Charm in Doggrell, which never fails pleasing those whose Capacities can rise no higher; one would wonder how the Tribe of Levi, and some other Pieces of that Nature, should have lately met with so much Applause from some sort of People. I wish the Reader no better Diversion (if it does not raise his Indignation too) than I my self have had, in seeing a fat Fellow hold his Sides, and half burst himself over a Dish of Coffee; as if he had seen Merry-Andrew eating a Custard, at these Two Familiar Lines of this Author in Page the 9th.

Ah *William* —— had I but thy Sceptre Royal,
By Heav'n, I'd beat the Dogs till they were Loyal.

And what if the Ass should happen to get the Lyon's Skin on? *Now am I so far from thinking he would be such a dreadful roaring Creature as he makes us believe, that I sanse he'd, like his Brother Beggar, only* swing upon a Gate all Day long, *without doing any mortal Creature any Mischief. But whether or no this be true, 'tis certain, that you'd venture having your Head broke in more places than one near the* Change, *should you dare affirm any two Lines in* Cowley or Dryden *were equal to this incomparable* Distich. *But to let pass all the Elegant* For to's *and* Doe's, *and all the ancient Family of the* So that's *and* Eds, *and the rest of the kind Crutches to a cripled Muse, which seem the peculiar affected Flowers of the Author, 'twere to be wish'd he had brought nothing worse with him from* Ireland; *for, had he been only* Ridiculous, *the Humour of the* Country *might have excused him; but, when he's* Mischievous *too, his Apish Tricks and Gambols ought no more to save him from the* Lash *than his* Brother Animal *in the like Circumstances. I won't so much abuse the Reader's Patience to examine particularly into the* Sence *and* Poetry *of this famed Piece, the first half Page is enough to give any one, but a* Car-man, *his Belly-full. Never was poor* Ballad *or* Song-Book *in such a Condition as his would be, should we go to* uncase *it, and make Prose on't. Let's try for once, but by no means to make a Practice on't, what can be done with the very first four Lines.*

" Since *Plagues* were order'd for a *Scourge* to Men,
" And *Ægypt* was chastiz-ed with her *Ten*;
" No *greater* Plague did any State molest,
" Than the severe, the *worst* of *Plagues*, a Priest.

That is to say, in plain Prose, " Since *Plagues* were ordered to *plague* Men,
" and *Ægypt* was *plagued* with Ten *Plagues*, there was never any *Plague*
" *greater* than the *worst of Plagues*. —— And 'twould be very hard if
" there should, in my Judgment.

But not content with Nonsence, *he won't so much as afford us* true English *in the last Line of the same Page, nor* true Verses *almost all through his Book; his Zeal for the Master, we may charitably suppose, making him now and then run a little too fast, and Scan* Two Fingers *instead of* One.

But these are not the main Things in Controversie between us. Dullness *is the fault of a* Natural, *not an* acquired *Habit, and therefore involuntary, he having as much Liberty to Print dull Things as I, or any Man else. And he should e'en have writ on till he had tired himself or his Admirers, had not that intolerable* Insolence (*the very Characteristick of his Nature, and which not improbably he derives from that parcel of French-Blood which flows in his Veins*) *made him fall foul on what has been ever esteemed most* Sacred *in this World; sparing not so much as one single* Priest *to propagate the Kind, but letting drive at all, without Fear, or Wit, or good Manners, and concluding,* Hanging's the fittest Death for 'em *without exception, one and all, not so much as leaving room to creep out as for his own* Father, *were he yet alive to see what a Viper he has been the occasion of bringing into the World. But I must have a care of imitating him;* railing, *as well as all the* Plagues *he reckons up, is a very infectious Disease: Nor is't an to Matter to read all his Book over, without being a little* tinged *with such bad Company. For which reason I have endeavoured to avoid it, and made choice of a* way of Writing *quite contrary, though at the hazard of not pleasing as much as my Antagonist. Those who are* Judges *will find I have at least* aim'd *at* Horace's *easie sort of* Satyr; *nor is't any Disgrace to come vastly short of so great an* Original. *And this way I the more willingly chose, lest the other should have hurried me into an Extreme of the same Nature with the Occasion on't, and given* Temptation *to fall foul on any* Party *besides that which is an avowed Enemy to the* Government, *or* Religion, *on which 'tis founded. On the contrary, I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I have revised the following Piece with some*

Care,

Care, left any thing of that Nature ſhould paſs in the Crowd; which if there be, I declare it is againſt my Intention and Knowledge. There are enough to recriminate beſides, who perhaps mayn't know their Country better, and may yet get more by it than I by this. None can be ſo dull an Obſerver of Things, but may eaſily take notice, That the Road to Preferment lies the ſame way now it has ever done, by eſpouſing one Faction *heartily, and railing at all the reſt: But I take this at preſent to be juſt as wiſe a method as quarrelling in a* Powder-Room, *and* firing a Piſtol *there at One that has trod upon my Toes, or broke my Shins. In a word, I ſcorn to be Great at my Country's Coſt, though I think there's no great Danger on't. What* I'm *concern'd for, is the Cauſe of* common Chriſtianity; *nay of* Natural Religion *it ſelf, both of which perhaps are in greater Danger than is commonly thought; ſuch things as theſe tending directly to* ſap their very Foundation, *aiming not againſt the* Abuſe, *but very* Uſe *of Things, and the Deſtruction of the very Character of Prieſthood, inſtead of reforming thoſe who are of it. On which account I ſhould think no* Prieſt, *of whatever Opinion, could eſteem or commend this Author's Work, unleſs they love to have themſelves abuſed, and of the ſame Temper with the Man in the Fable, who would willingly pluck out* One *of his own* Eyes, *that his Enemy might loſe* Both. *I have only this more to ſay in reſpect of the* GENTLEMAN, *my Antagoniſt; That, though others may think my* Satyr *too* tame *and* languid, *I hope he won't blame me for that Error. That he will not think himſelf a much better Man than ſome of thoſe whom he himſelf has endeavoured to Expoſe to the World, and therefore not think ſtrange he meets with the ſame Fate. That his own Hiſtory being not ſufficiently known, I expect he ſhould not only* pardon *me, but* thank *me for publiſhing ſome of the moſt Remarkable Paſſages of his Life. That in the mean time he is extreamly obliged to me (conſidering how he has treated others) for my* Civility, *in not naming him; and that he may quickly know, I can be much ſeverer, if he thinks fit to make the Experiment.*

There's another famous Spark *about Town, whom for the* likeneſs of the Argument *I have link'd with him in many Places of this* Satyr, *and who will without queſtion make the beſt Company in the World. 'Tis a certain kind of a Second Rate* Ballad-ſinger, *alias* Moraliſt, *alias* Mouſe-trap-maker, *alias* Weeſil-monger, *who having lately contracted a particular Acquaintance with the King's Moſt Excellent* Rat-Catcher, *and managing beſides a ſmall Intrigue with a* Corn-Chandler's Wife's Couſin-German, *has very luckily improv'd the hints he met with from both thoſe places, and turned all the* Prieſts *he comes near into the moſt dreadful* Four legg'd Beaſts *that*

ever

ever were shown for Monsters. He's very angry with a certain Reverend Doctor, *because he can't understand him,* ——*Poor wretch, if he has no Notion of Sence, what can help it besides* Bedlam? *However, if he be such a dreadful Satyrist as he makes us believe in the Postscript to his* Moralist, *he'll find sufficient here to exercise his* Talent, *and perhaps let the Doctor take breath, while he's employed about other Business. I'll neither trouble the Readers nor Authors any more, but, till we next meet again, bid 'em farewel altogether.*

RAB-

RABSHAKEH VAPULANS:

OR, AN

ANSWER

TO THE

Tribe of Levi.

I 'Admire, my Friend! what madness has poſſeſs'd
The *Brain-ſick World*; in what wild poſture dreſs'd!
Like Beaſts by *Gad-flies* ſtung, they friſk about
An Antick, giddy, and diſorder'd *Rout*:
How few there are who ſteer by *Reaſons* rules;
How over-ſtock'd the peſter'd *Age* with *Fools*.

And

And *Fools* we have of every Shape and Size,
Of all Profeſſions, Ranks and Qualities;
But moſt the *Wou'd-be-Wits*, and *wou'd-be-Wiſe*.
The *witty Fool* muſt have the foremoſt place,
Or elſe, ſlap-daſh, he has ye o'er the Face,
And lugs ye into his next dull *Lampoon*,
The ſport and ridicule of all the *Town*.
Sets up an *Author*, and a Man of Parts,
In ſpite of *Nature's* ſelf, and all *good Arts*;
Then ſhows lewd *Vice* triumphant on the *Stage*,
To tickle a Debaucht, a thoughtleſs *Age*:
Where all the *Sport is ſpoil'd*, unleſs there be
Some poor *Sir John* or *Smirk*, for *Nokes* or *Lee*:
The very *Salt* and *Flame* o'th' *Comedie*.
Ne'er fear't, it takes, ſo you but *ſwinge the PRIEST*;
What needs there more? the very *Word's a Jeſt*.
Plot, Sence, true Wit, good Humour, all, 'tis ſtuff:
E'en ſpare this pains, your *Parſon's* enough.
Write but his ſingle *part* to th' Life, and well,
Your *Third day's Gains* ſufficiently 'twill ſwell,
And render the *ſucceſs* infallible.
Muſti, or *Prieſt*, or *Biſhop* 'tis the ſame,
'Twill ſave your *Play*; ſuch Magick's in the Name,
Tho' all the *Club of Wits* reſolv'd to *damn*.
Dryden This *Art* was at the firſt found out by *BATS*;
The ſureſt Rules in all his wiſe *Eſſays*:
He led the *Dance*. Nor was't in him ſo ſtrange,
Inſpir'd by Intereſt, Madneſs and Revenge:

Poſſeſs'd

Poſſeſs'd with Pride, and hurry'd by Deſpair,
At his approach *whipt* from the *Houſe of Prayer*,
Nor muſt ſuch *unclean Beaſts* be offer'd there:
But there are higher *Provocations* yet;
Poor *wither'd Bays* ——
For the *Rehearſal* can't a *Prieſt* forget,
Since one of that *dull* Plodding witleſs Fry,
That harmleſs *ſtingleſs* Hive, if Fame not Lye,
Had at the leaſt a *Finger in the Pie*:
This treaſur'd deep remains upon the ſcore,
For this the *Bard* a heavy Vengeance ſwore,
And with the *Gown* proclaim'd eternal War;
Which muſt henceforward paſſively ſubmit
To th' *Fury* of his *Dullneſs* and his *Wit*.
* *Stew'd Prunes and Smuſh* he'll now no longer uſe
With this; if ſhe the generous Race refuſe,
He ſpurs his jaded *unperforming Muſe*.
Prieſts on the *Stage* for the ſame Reaſon come,
As in the *Pulpit* the *prolonging Hum*:
As what comes next, to mend a *Breach* is brought,
Theſe ſerve to fill the empty *Gaps of Thought*;
Whilſt the young *Todpole Wits* applaud and ſmile
Around this *doating Homer* of our Iſle:
And all thoſe *unſeous Streams* which daily pour
From his foul *Intrails*, greedily devour.
With his ſtoln *Poiſon*, and their own they *ſwell*,
And with hoarſe Notes diſturb the *Sacred Well*;
With noiſom *Slime* pollute that ſilver Spring,
And croak as loud as *Father Bays* could ſing.

* *Vid.* Rehearſal.

In some odd Hole let's throw neglected *Bays*,
As *Greens* and *Hollys* are at *Candlemas*.
But among all the rest that teaze the *Town*,
Spruce *Poet Pricket* has my Vote alone;
Or if he ere should fall, in my Esteem,
'Tis only *Saffold* must out-rival him.
The *Court* and *Stage* may ene do what they please,
Our *City-Bays* are sure to One of these,
(Unless on them the *Man of War* * should seize.)
Their *Spirit* the same, to the same heights they clime;
Their *Art* the same, both *tag their Bills with Rhyme*.
And very near akin their Occupation,
Both live o'th' *Sins* and *Follies* of the Nation.
* This by his *Pills*, that by his *weekly Print*, *
With *Cartloads* of dull Doggrell railing in't.
Tedious, Friend *Elkanah!* as yours or mine,
Heavy as *Nahum*: since he drinks no Wine,
Incarnate dullness reigns in every Line.
But let's not wrong the Wretch, when pains he'll take:
He'll very *tolerable Ballads* make.
To *Thought*, it's true, he never made pretence,
His care is *Notes* and *Words*, find you the *Sence*.
How shall the pester'd *Warehouse* then get clear?
What must be done to save the *Stationer*?
'Tis true, the *Friars* at the worst are *near*;
But that's the last, the *desperate Cure*, we know
Not to be us'd, till the *Disease* is so.

John Sutchin

Author of the Tribe of Levi, *who formerly stood for the City Poet's Place.*

Momus Ridens. by Thomas Durfey

He has it, right or wrong the *Priest* comes in,
T'attone his *Dullness*, and the Peoples *Sin*.
The *Tune* be what it will, *He* all along,
He only is the *Burden* of the *Song*.
Be the *Report* of Lap-dog, Miss, or Spark,
Or French, or Turk, still *Priest* is the *Remark*.
Has *Lady* in fair *Ox*——late miscarried?
Then thank the *Priest* who her and *C*—— marry'd.
Has *Priest* been robb'd? he'll openly profess,
The Villains could in *Conscience do no less*.
Are the *Turks* beat? These *Priests* undo the *PORT*,
And, if they're wise, they'll hang the *Mufti* for't.
Or, has the *Emperor* lately lost *Belgrade*?
No doubt 'twas long of some o'th' self-same *Trade*!
The *German Priests* that *Powder Treason* made,
Hired with *French Louisdores*, pray mark the Jest!
They e'en *blew up themselves*, and all the rest.
This oft, when the *grave Dons* of Business come,
And find poor *Momus* in the *Coffee-Room*,
This from expecting *Flames* has him repriev'd,
Who, when condemn'd, by's *Anti-Clergy* liv'd.
Him Sage Sir *Pal*, on plodding Elbow staid,
Has oft with his *Four Eyes and Mouth* survey'd
His Tea, and that with equal *Gust* he drinks,
And by his Looks would have you think he thinks.
"*Well*——*on my Faith, tha. fragues these Black-coat*
Sparks;
"*A pretty witty Thing, and shrewd* Remarks!

But what's all this you'll tell me to the *Text*,
The Tribe of Levi? Patience! that comes next.
The *Anti-Chamber* sure must first be past:
We to the *Presence* shall arrive at last.
These all are *Lackeys* to that Author's Fame,
Who from the *Land of Wit* and *Valour* came;
And dares in both so large a portion claim.
So Civil, so Gentile, so Clean, and Neat
His Merit, yet his Modesty so great,
As never will be *match'd*, nor has been yet.
Through all his Works this *Truth* appears so plain,
Through all his *Life* there runs so pure a Vein,
He need not *Write* himself a [c]*Gentleman*.
His *Country's Glory and its Nymphs delight*,
Dreaded in *Mars's* as in *Venus* fight,
And till the danger comes, *A Man of Might*.
Say not the ill-bred *Bird defiles his Nest*,
When now and then he gently *rubs the Priest*;
Or that he is to his own *Blood* unjust,
And rudely tramples on his *Father's* Dust;
But rather blame his *Memory's* neglect:
Great Wits we know can never far *reflect*.
At worst it argues his *Design was good*,
When thus he spares not his own *Flesh and Blood*;
"*But to unsettle Church as 'twas before,*
"*Will beat his Dad, and call his Mother Whore.*"
Say not his *Bride*, of lovely Mind and Face,
Receiv'd her Life from one of *Levi's* Race.

Author of the Tribe of Levi *lately come from* Ireland.

[a] *He usually Subscribes his Works thus,* By S. T. Gentleman.

John Talbin

[b] *That thought is his own.* Vid. pag. 2.

Who was a Priest.

Vid. pag. 5.

By

By Marriage Bonds a piece of *him* she's grown,
Torn from *her* Stock she's grafted in *his own*.
What if 'tis urg'd he *was himself a Priest*,
Or else a *puny Deacon* at the least:
A *kind well-willer* to the Desk or Tub,
At *Sam's* or *Joe's* a Member of the *Club*.
Conn'd *Baxter*, till his *Study's all in Flames*, [a]
Dogs-ear'd and thumb'd *Wallebius*, *Charnock*, *Ames*.
But did he not forsake that *Threadbare* Trade,
And in good time his *Abjuration* made?
No *Turk* so trusty as a *Renegade*.
Since when, without respect he mawls the *Priest*,
To prove the *Apostacy* was not in Jest;
If all, his *Teeth* too among the rest;
Forgets the Debt, as *Nero* his, nor spares
His *Sence*, his *Vertue*, or his *Silver-Hairs*.
Were One excepted, we might doubt a Bribe,
Or that he's still inclin'd to *Levi's Tribe*.
Hang all's the word; nor can he, it's confest,
Forget it soon; he learn'd it in the *West*:
For grant him *Priest*, he scorn'd the *Passive* Cant,
And ever was a *Parson Militant*.
Whatever *Joshua made for a Buffoon*,
Take *Tyson* for a *Spiritual Dragoon*. P. 15. l. 8.
Say all ye *conscious Hedges*, did he fly,
Or sneak *behind* to shun the Enemy?
Or say, each *Western Ditch*, to which he fled
(Since 'tis *Almanzors* only can make Head

Against

[a] *Ask him the meaning on't.*

Against *whole Armies* did he quake for fear,
Or by the *Smell* invite his *Hunters* near?
Or was not he, say *Envy* what it can;
Say, was not he the *Man*, the *more than Man*?
Whom e'en the *Western Hangman* could not quail,
Proof against *Jeffreys*, *Halter*, *Whip* and *Jayl*.
Nay beat him clear in *Brow*, his *Match* in *Sence*,
And e'en at his own Weapon—*Impudence*.
(Such force in *Modesty* and *Innocence*!)
Heav'ns! how the *Tyger* yell'd that fatal Day,
Reveng'd at large upon the *weaker Prey*;
Tho' on this *sturdier Beast* his hopes were croft,
And worse than all, his *Reputation* loft.
The *restive Thing* th'appointed Knot refus'd,
He *hung an Arse*, nor would be tamely noos'd.
The *Lordly Butcher* struts, and fumes, and raves;
And swears in vain, and works, and sweats, and slaves,
And did at last, with much ado invent
A pretty *conscionable Punishment*:
For since no *Blood* he to his *Brow* could draw,
He'd on his *Back* inscribe horse *Drover's Law*.
Poor *Jack*, like *wand'ring Jew*, was doom'd to stray
In a *long Pilgrimage* each Market Day,
And worse than all, *du Pennee* all the way.
No wonder at this *Sentence* he repines,
And a *Petition for a Halter* signs:
(Old Grandsire *Sternhold's Psalter* he may spare,
And his own *doleful Psalms* make use of there.)

Besides

[a] *He was condemn'd to be whipt through all the Market-Towns in* Dorsetshire *once a Year during Life; on which he Petition'd to have the Favour of being* Hang'd, *and so got off from both.*

[b] *Vid.* Tribe of Levi, *pag.* 11. *lin.* 18.

Besides, since some [illegible] in the way did try,
He thought by a *Disease* 'twas best to die
Hereditary to his Family.
The *Humour's* good enough, tho' *push'd* too far.
Enjoy't your Race! but I should think the *Air*
An odd *Tartarian sort of Sepulchre.*
What if one *Uncle* took that Road, and t'other
Rides whip and spur to overtake his *Brother?*
All *Priests* are not so fond of these Extremes,
Nor fansie to be *hang'd* for *either James.*[a]

[a] York *or* Monmouth.

But after all this dull malicious stuff,
You needs must own the Poem's sharp enough.
There's your true Stroke! *How much to th' Life he writes?*
How through and through his angry Satyr *bites?*
Here's trusty Fangs —— *they never quit their hold:*
Is not the Cur *well worth his weight in Gold?*
He runs at all, and none that cross him spar'd,
He scorns to fly at less than the whole Herd.
Yes —— 'tis confess'd he's *Sharp*, at such a rate
As are that *Club of Wits* at *Billingsgate*;
Where one, when t'other sold her *Fish* before,
I lately heard how *wittily* she swore,
Bid her be *hang'd, and call'd* her *Jade and Whore.*
Gently, good Sir, we own these Words a Crime,
And scurrilous and lewd when out of Rhyme:
If in plain Prose *pronounc'd in Street or School,*
They're richly worth the Lash *or* Ducking-stool.

The

The Commons *soon, and Pa[illegible]'s Reverend Court,*
Would get the Author in and swinge him for't.
But sure a Poem is excepted still:
No Laws touch that; where, like a Chancery Bill,
Invention, Truth, and Reason both supplies;
Nor must we answer for Abuse and Lyes.
But put the Case at worst, who'd not submit
To one *sound Lashing* to be thought a *Wit?*
And were not now the *Reign of Jeff'ry's* o'er,
His *Sentence* can't be worse than 'twas before;
While still he's in *reserve* his ancient Trick,
Can for his *Back* compound and yield his *Neck.*
Poor feeble Satyrist? and is this all
The weak effect of thy enervate Gall?
So soft each Stab, so harmless every Jest,
The World will think thee half a Priest at least.
Unrein thy Thunders rather, and let fly
Thy sharpest pointed Lightnings round the Sky,
Then like Jove's *Bird aim at the destin'd Head,*
Shoot from the scattering Clouds and strike him dead.
No --- still I must th' *unequal War* refuse;
Ah! too *below the vengeance* of my Muse,
Who like *Alcides*, with her *Infant hands*
Could crush that *Viper* in her *swadling Bands*,
But would not wish so *weak a Foe* Disgrace;
Where even the *Conquest* had at best been *base*
Tho' I the *meanest of the tuneful Race.*

Ah!

Ah! wou'd for once *blind Fortune*, as the VVhore
Has done for many a *Fool and Knave* before,
VVou'd ſhe but make the *Blockhead* great and high,
And find ſome time to dreſs him e're he dye,
In all the VVorld's *fantaſtick Bravery:*
VVere he but *high* enough to *value* Fame,
Or cou'd he *fall*, ſcarce *WILLIAM*'s *ſacred Name*,
VVhich next the *unutterable* I revere,
Scarce *WILLIAM*'s *ſacred Name* ſhou'd guard him there,
Till when if *publick Juſtice* find him not,
Let him remain neglected or forgot,
His *Name* and *Works* alike, together *rot!*
And wont you then, when his true Face is ſhown,
Wipe off thoſe heaps of Scandal he has thrown
On all he finds leſs ugly than his own?
Or he, or thoſe who their weak Forces joyn,
And with the ſame ſucceſs purſue the ſame deſign,
And in ſome lofty parabolick ſtrain,
Old England's *Worthies celebrate again.*
VVhat need, dear Friend, of what's ſo much in vain,
Scandalls, when at *exalted Virtue* caſt,
They reach it not, beyond their reach 'tis plac'd,
But on the *Authors Heads* return at laſt.
If *Water* on the *Milk-white Swan* we fling,
It ſhakes it off, nor *wets* its Silver wing.
But in good earneſt wou'd you have me look
Each Verſe or Chapter in the *Pentateuch*,
And hunt for *Paralells* in every Book?

Murder Chronology, as he before,
Korah and all his company restore
When *burnt to dust*, nay kindly haste 'em o'er
With valiant *Joshua* and his faithful Band,
Thro' *Jordan's* wondring Waves to *Canaan's* blissfull Land?
Or what if we a little lower fall
To thy unhappy Fate, *rejected Saul!*
Who *God* forsaking, didst to *Endor* run,
And wert *undone* least thou shouldst be *undone*;
Or sing his brave, his lov'd, his envy'd *Son*; (a)
How *Shimei* curst, how *Sheba* did *rebell*,
Or proud *Philistian Hosts* before him fell,
And right or wrong make out the *Paralell*;
Were not the *World* with this already *tir'd*,
A deeper *thought*, a *Genius* are requir'd;
But *stroaks* and *colours* every where to give,
And make a *work* of such a Nature live.
Howe'er, to oblige you, Sir, for once I'll tell,
The *naked Truth*, *without a Parable*;
Naked, or drest in honest *Country Grey*,
Nor rudely *base*, nor too profusely *gay*;
I *think* I'm *right*, and what I *think* I'll *say*.
Those who all *Heylen* and *Mercator* scan,
Show me a place from *London* to *Japan*,
From *California*, down to *Magelan*,
Where the wild Natives don't with *Reverence* treat,
Whoever on their Gods and Altars wait?

(a) *David* his Son-in Law.

If

If *universal Custom* gives us Rules
More sure than all the *Jargon* of the *Schools*,
And with *unconquer'd Demonstration* shows,
What *Truth* and *Reason* untaught *Nature* knows,
As all the World confess; we need not fear,
The Argument will hold as strongly here:
If he's no *Man* a *God* disowns, at least
He who *maliciously* affronts his *Priest*,
By the same Rule must pass for *half a Beast*.
He who through vast *Tartarian Deserts* runs,
His *journey* almost *equal* with the *Suns*,
Nor any other *Right* but *Conquest* owns;
Who to his Sword his Life like *Esau* ows,
All his *rich Neighbours*, justly thought his *Foes*,
Asks his *Priest's Benediction* e're he goes;
And vows he in the *Booty* shall partake,
If a good *road* and safe *retreat* he make.
The *European Tartars*, who reside,
Far greater Plagues upon the *Western side*,
And on the *Rhine* far greater mischief doe,
Than t'other on the *Volga* or *Danow*,
These and their *Sultan Lewis* (far above
Galga and his) pretend their *Priests* to love,
Without their *Prayers* ne'er expect to thrive,
And are in Truth, the *godliest Thieves* alive:
Thus *Cannibals* themselves, tho' nurst in War,
And *blood* for *milk* their Infant Lips besmear,
Tho' they *each other eat*, their *Priests* will spare.

But what's all this, crys one, *to th'Case in hand,*
Knaves will not, and Fools cannot understand
Their Christian Liberty, to abuse the Priest,
And treat the Tribe of Levi how they list?
Or if we'd know the bounds of just and true
What did the brave, the ancient Romans do,
E're Priestly Craft was form'd into a Trade,
And Clergy's Yoke on easie Nations laid:

Well, to be Friends, we'll give ye that and more,
Both *Rome*, and those who flouriſh'd long before,
Thought it their higheſt *Crime* againſt *their State*,
Their Churches ancient Rites to Violate;
Your *Maſter Hobbs* has taught you what to ſay:
They're Heathens all, wou'd you be *worſe* than they?
Yet nigher to the *Fountain* let's repair,
And this bright *Truth* will ſtill be clearer there;
Where *Monarchies* from *Families* did ſpring,
A *Patriarch* was both *Father*, *Prieſt* or *King*,
Tho' of the three, a *Prieſt* the higheſt place,
A *Prince* then thought the *Title* no diſgrace;
The *wondrous King* of ancient *Salem*'s Town,
Whether from *Heav'n* it ſelf he firſt came down,
The *ſame* who did long after leave the Skies,
A God in frail Humanity's diſguiſe:
Or whether *he* deduc'd from Mortal Stem;
The Sacred *Prieſthood* he did not contemn,
But joyn'd the *Mitre* to his *Diadem.*
Nor did the *Conquering-Hebrew* him diſdain,
But paid him *Tithes* in *Save*h's *royal Plain.*

Melchiſedeck King of Salem.

I thought at last you wou'd be forc'd to fly
To your old ſhift, Infallibility;
And tho' a while you reaſon may pretend,
Trump up a Text or two, and there's an end.
But why ſo eager? not ſo faſt my Friend;
Have we not prov'd the *Queſtion* in ſuſpence,
That *Prieſts all times, all places reverence;*
That whether Heathen, Chriſtian, Turk, or Jew,
They all have more *civility* than you?
I thought what Arguments, a Spark replies,
Theſe Prieſts cou'd bring to back their Trick and Lies;
Senſe, Reaſon, Cuſtom, they in vain pretend,
Damn 'em! 'tis a Cheat from end to end:
That all the World reſpects 'em, we deny,
The wiſe ſee through it, or of thoſe wiſe am I:
What Man of ſence, which of the Beaux Eſprits,
That in our Club has taken his Degree,
Who laudibly can drink, or whore, or ſwear,
(The World's a Cypher, we the Figures are)
In thoſe fine Arts a great Proficient grown,
Which of us all who cann't a Prieſt run down,
The ſillieſt, pertest, dulleſt thing in Town?
Thus would he talk till night, might he run on,
For he *talks well* in his *dear ſelf's* Eſteem,
E'en leave him, for you'll nothing get by him.
Agreed, *to ſave my Ears,* but firſt let's goe,
A little walk, ſome *half the Globe,* or ſo,
Where ſome of his *fair Kindred* him we'll ſhow;

Strangely

Strangely alike *in humour, ſenſe* and *ſhape*,
The wiſe, the bleſt *Inhabitants o'th' Cape.* (a)
Renowned *Hottamtots*, they dance they ſing,
Nor fear, nor care, for any future thing;
On whoſe free Necks no *Polititians* rode,
Who trouble not themſelves with *Prieſt or God:*
Content with *Food*, which *haſty Nature* gave,
They neither *Waſh*, nor Boyl, nor *Scrape* nor Save,
Their *gaudy Guts* they from their Necks diſplace,
And eat, but *pay no Tithes, nor ſay no Grace.*
Why is he mute, and why that ſcornful ſmile?
Do's not this *Inſtance* our *Induction* ſpoil?
As much as his 'tis granted, for indeed
Thoſe who will own no *God*, no *Prieſts* will need:
Sir, we're no Athieſts, we wou'd have ye know,
We own a God, and if you doubt it, you
Shall hear us Swear, *perhaps* Blaſpheme *him too:*
Nay, if you pleaſe us, we'll ſome Prieſts allow,
If they'll be civil, and their betters know,
Praying and Preaching Cant, *they muſt forſake,*
And onely ſing thoſe Hymns *which we ſhall make:*
(Ye bleſſed ones, if for *Priapus* meant,)
But Sir, 'tis this that makes us Male-Content,
Their Barns *are all too full, too large their ſtore,*
And you'd reform 'em, juſt as thoſe before,
With their *Fat Lands* keep ſome *lean Hounds* or *Whore:*
But they're abuſive, ſawcy,— you know when,
We were no better then *Jack Gentlemen* (a)

(a) *The Inhabitants of the* Cape of Good Hope, *the moſt Barbarous People ever yet diſcovered whoown no God, nor good Manners; uſe raw Guts for their Food and Ornament, &c. See the late Accounts of thoſe People.*

(a) See *Marvel's* Rehearſal tranſpos'd

VVhat wou'd you have this *humble Creature* do?
Or hold his *Worſhips Horſe*, or *clean his Shoe.*
Mayn't I to what's my *own* make juſt pretence,
Muſt *Prieſt* be blam'd, becauſe his *Lord wants ſence* ?
Or muſt the *Order* ſpoil *Gentility*,
Fatal as the *Croſs Bar* in *Heraldry*,
If the *dull Patron*, as he firſt was *whelpt*,
Unlick't remains, can the poor *Chaplain* help't ?
For thoſe who've *ſence* or *wit*, are wiſe or brave,
They'll make the *Prieſt* their *Friend* and not their *Slave*;
Nor take delight in curſed *Canaans* ſport,
To make him *drunk*, and then *deſpiſe* him for't.
But farther all their Sermon's are ſo dry,
One Play will more than twenty Edify:
–Both *much alike* as you diſpoſe the matter,
In one you *ſleep*, in 'tother *laugh and chatter*;
Your *judgment*, too, your *obſervations* fit,
How dull are *Rochester*, and *Stillingfleet*.
Yes florid words indeed, but give me ſence!
And need enough on your own Evidence,
Step in for once, and tarry till they've done,
VVhat think you of *Stillingfleet*, *Scott*, or *Tillotſon*?
They read their Lectures moderately well,
But that's not Preaching, where's the Life and Zeal,
In this you own, that others beat you clear,
That, that's the thing,– *Burnet*, or *Horneck hear!*
Some rave and roar, and ſplit the very Stones,
VVith apiſh Geſtures and incondite Groans;
Are there no Prieſts in Town but *David Jones*.

VVell

Well, what provokes me most, to tell you true,
Is their lewd Lives—can they be worse than you?
They shou'd be better—if they are not so,
Pity but you shou'd e'en together goe;
A Priest no Angel; none from faults are free,
As long as clogg'd with frail Mortality:
Besides, if when but *twelve* our Saviour chose
There was one *perjur'd Traytor* mixt with those,
If one in Twelve did villany contrive
Is't strange we've *one (or two) in twenty five?*
Are there no more?—be you the *Oracle*
Your self, a *Halter* take if you *can tell*,
If *not*, a *VVhip* will serve the turn as well.
All this will never make the Party good,
Since for the generality they're lewd:
Have you *told Noses* Sir, or wou'd you be
(c) *Of scandalous Ministers.* The Author of a *second Century*, (c)
O Golden time! O blest *Reforming Age!*
The *Pulpits* Vice is *preach'd* at by the *Stage.*
However none for *fooliſh pity* ſpare,
But from *VVhite-Chappel* look to *VVeſtminſter*,
How many *like your ſelf*, d'ye light on there?
Nay further, ſearch the Univerſal round,
And ſtill rail on when you have better found:
Troth there you're right, I think they're all alike,
Now the *Mask's off* and at the *root* you ſtrike.
VVell, Int'reſt is their God what e'er they ſay,
Pray which *ſells beſt*, a *Sermon* or a *Play?*
" If *Intereſt* 'tis to live contemn'd and poor,
" The *hungry VVolf* ſtill *barking* at the *door*;

" If *Int'reſt* 'tis like *Tantalus* to ſtay
" *Still gaping*, envying ev'n a *Carter's pay*
" Who earns at leaſt his *hard Half-Crown a day:*
" If *Int'reſt* 'tis to *ſtarve* till *Forty's* nigh
" Then get perhaps ſome *Country hole and die*,
" Then I'le not contradict you in the leaſt,
" 'Tis *Int'reſt makes*, 'tis *Int'reſt ſways* the *Prieſt:*
" Theſe are his *Gains* and this his *portion* is
" A *weary Life* in hopes of *future bliſs.*
" Ah! that's the thing alone that *ſweetens* this.

You cry, I've *preach'd enough* and bid me mind
To anſwer the *Objections* yet behind:
Let's hear 'em then! *What need of all this ſtir?*
May'n't we
Be ſav'd without a Prieſt? Yes, doubtleſs Sir!
You cannot *miſs* the *Road*; but there are few
(Conſider that) of *equal ſenſe* with you;
Men of *Morality* and *Principles*; (*a*)
Beſides a *hundred pretty Fancies* elſe;
And for the *Rabble of the world* ye know
We ſafely may allow a *Prieſt* or two.
For as a *learned Knight* (*b*) did the laſt Age
With *Chriſtianity* it ſelf engage;
And taught if any thing beſides pretence,
'Twas only fit for *men of vulgar ſenſe*,
While ſuch as he ſay *Prieſts* what e're they can
Were ſav'd by ways *more like a Gentleman*;
So our *ſage Author* wiſely does eſteem
The *Caſſock Doctors* uſeleſs unto him.

(*a*) *Vid. the Moraliſt.*

(*b*) *Sir John Denham*

Himself he'l preach and pray the charge to save,
Nay the poor *Sexton rob*, and dig his Grave,
Parson and Clark, Good wives and Bearers cheat,
And bury himself alive like *Charles the Great*.
But how should they on men of sense prevail
Who change each Hour, and what may change may fail.
The patient Finger-watches are content
To be turn'd round by every Government.
Those Church Canelians, fed on Glories Air
Still take that Colour which at Court they wear.
He who this hour for Loyalty declaims
The very next forsakes his Idol-James.
How do each honest mind abominate
These shuffling Arts, these Tricks of Church and State,
Just Rage once rouz'd in vengeance I'le persist,
And make 'em feel an angry Satyrist (a).

(a) *Vid. Postscript to Mora-list.*

Poor harmless thing! Thou *canst not angry be:*
A *bristling Louse* has more of *Soul* than thee.
But to the point in *Question* quickly tell,
In changing did the *Clergy ill* or *well?*
If *Ill* thou saidst they did, thy *Vinard's* lost,
And thou maist find it at the *Whipping Post*:
If *well*, thou richly dost deserve the same,
Who what thy self approvest, thy self dost blame.
Sir, *neither Horn of your Dilemma's strong,*
For they shou'd still stand firm, what! right or wrong?
But how shou'd we our Faith and duty know,
When not the same that 'twas 3 years ago? (b)
You much alike did mind it, then and now.

(b) *Vid. supra.*

Pray

Pray which of the *Commandments is struck out?*
Which *Article o'th' Creed* is call'd in doubt,
Unless by *Hereticks*, or such as you,
Who neither will aright *believe or do.*
Wou'd you speak plain, as to *confiding Friend*,
And had you rather had 'em *break* than *bend?*
Since some for *Faith* have Courted *Martyrdom*,
Shou'd others do it for the *Devil* and *Rome?*
'*T*is very *kind* and *civil* we must own,
But is not this a Contradiction?
What *Quarter* has he found who thus has done?
(*Tho all he merits*) did your Satyre bite
Less close, or with less Gall and vengeance write?
State-Butcher stil'd, and reverend Hypocrite (*a*).

(*a*) *Moralist*, p. 14.

But 'tis in vain, all *reas'ning* is mis-spent
Where men *resolve* they *ne're will be content*;
When like great *Generals* they *prolong the War*,
Only to shew their *skill* and keep their *pow'r.*
Had *Priests stood out*, the Nation they'd *betray'd*,
And *Sacrifices* had been justly made.
Did they come in, this turns to their confusion.
'*Tis Reservation* all and meer *Collusion.*
[illegible] no more will let 'em now deceive 'em.
[illegible] their *Faith & King, & who'l believe*
[illegible], ne're fear't, will ever do (*em?*
[illegible] each is *evident and true*,
[illegible] *notions* they impose,
[illegible] *Priests* wou'd lead us by the *Nose*,
Whil'st

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The World no more will let 'em now deceive 'em.
They've chang'd their *Faith & King, & who'l believe*
That men of sense, ne're fear't, will ever do (*em?*
While what they teach is *evident and true*,
While no *implicite notions* they impose,
Nor like *Rome's Priests* wou'd lead us by the *Nose*,

Whil'st

Whil'ſt *Life and Pulpit* both diſcourage ſin,
Whil'ſt *Reaſon* they can talk, both *out* and *in*.
Such are thoſe *Worthies* now the *Croziers* bear
Who with ſuch *Grace* adorn the *Robes* they wear.
If others with impunity *abuſe*,
Much more may we their *Names* with reverence
And *without leave* ſo fair a ſubject chuſe. (uſe,
For ne're cou'd *malice* find a worſe pretence
Ne're ſtood it more in need of *Impudence*
Than in the *preſent Age*, each *Sacred See*
With ſo much *Learning* fill'd and *Piety*.
To Flatter whom
I'd ſcorn as much as they to *look on me*.
Thas ever been the *Greats* unhappy Fate
To bear the under-worlds *eſteem or hate*;
Them *Friends* and *Foes* ſo eagerly aſſail
Which is the worſt affront? *To praiſe and rail*.
How e're, whom *Virtue* has to *Glory* rais'd,
Why are they good if they would not be prais'd?
Why gr[illegible]ous Lo--n! didſt thou ſtill perform
Thy *Duty* in the laſt approaching *Storm*,
When thoſe who for the better ne're could *change*,
Let looſe on thee their *feſtring Old revenge*?
Who but a *C--n* ſuch a *Shock* cou'd bear,
He *ſtemm'd* the firſt wild *Tide*, *himſelf a War*.
Say *Envy*, ſay did *C--n* then diſgrace
His former *Trophies*, or his *noble Race*?
And when th' Oppreſſed Nations cries had given
A loud *Alarm* to *Orange* and to *Heaven*,

Compton Bp of London

When

When *Europes Saviour* did with us *begin*,
And brought a *kind*, a *friendly Army* in,
Who from fierce Wolves did ſnatch the Royal Prey,
More *Fell and Bloody*, now they muſt away,
Who did the precious *Hoſtage* thence convey?
From falling *Troy*, the bleſt *Palladium* bore,
Which by her *Preſence Sacred* was before?
Shall Learned *B---t* ever be forgot: Burnet.
No, firſt let *Malice* burſt and *Envy* rot?
Verſt in the Realms of *dark Antiquity*,
Times Regiſter knows hardly more than he
Who *reads* like him, that cou'd like him *digeſt*?
He bears a *living Bodley* in his *Breaſt*.
Which of the two ſhall we the moſt admire,
His *Gold* in *Ingots* or drawn out in *Wire*.
What *Matchleſs Beauties* in each *period* ſhine,
How ſweet a *Harmony* in every *Line*?
What *pleaſing Motions* all thy *Writings* raiſe?
How few, Great Man! like thee *know how to praiſe*?
Our *Alexander* needs no *Homer* wiſh,
While matchleſs *B---t* his *Hiſtorian* is.
B---t, who ſtar'd ſo long the *Heroes* Fate,
[illegible]rious and unfortunate.
[illegible]any *Foils* to *Fortune* gave,
[illegible]aſt, and owns her ſelf his *Slave*.)
[illegible]alms a *glorious Exile* ſent;
[illegible] bore his Baniſhment:
[illegible]and's *Careſt*, juſt honour ſhown
[illegible]ere, tho' ſlighted by his own.

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Equally virtuous and unfortunate.
(Tho he ſo many *Foils* to *Fortune* gave,
She yields at laſt, and owns her ſelf his *Slave*.)
To diſtant Realms a *glorious Exile* ſent;
Thus *Ariſtides* bore his Baniſhment:
In Forreign Lands *Careſt*, juſt honour ſhown
His *Merits* there, tho' ſlighted by his own.

E How

How much in vain, what his mad Foes design'd?
As well the *Sun* they'd to one *Climate* bind.
His *Influence* still as great, his Rays as clear,
Absent he *enlighten'd* both and *warm'd* us here.
His *Pen* did the first timely help afford,
And *mark'd the way for his lov'd Hero's* Sword.
Say reverend *Asaph*! shall the Muse presume
With *trembling steps* to approach thy Sacred room!
With *guilty Eyes* and an *ingenuous shame*
Lest rudely we *agen* profane thy *Name*.
So fair thy *Life* by *malice* thou'rt forgot (*a*)
Nor *Envy's* self can *make* or *find* a *Blott*
Bright Confessor in the most glorious Cause,
Heav'ns own *Religion* and thy Country's *Laws*!
In all Divine and humane Learning read,
Acquainted well with all the *mighty Dead*.
The *Sun* its self thou his *mistakes* couldst tell
And by thy art set right his *Chronicle*,
Where wandring *Time* has in blind mazes trod,
Or did in its lost Guides *Eclipses* nod.
The *Gordian Knots* of tough *Chronologie*,
Which often *cut*, seldom unty'd will be,
Familiar all and *easie* are to thee.
Truth which so often has her self deny'd,
Appears to thee *disrob'd* from State and Pride;
As thou thy self to all the world beside.
"*The Sun on Insects shines as much as Kings*,
"*The deeper no that sad Reflexion stings*.

(*a*) Not mentioned in the *Tribe* of *Levi*.

What's

"What's past is Fate, we Fate in vain deplore,
"Yet Muse! sigh on! sigh deeper—Ah no more!
Great *W—r* born a heavy *Scourge to Rome*, Worcester
Nor didst thou ofner fight, than overcome.
Not valiant Hannibal, so much her *Fate*,
The Object of her *Terror* and her Hate!
Which first shall we admire, thy *Massie* Sence,
Thy Learnig deep, or flowing *Eloquence*?
Thee unconcern'd *Posterity* shall call
In all a *Miracle*, thy self in all.
Shall we go on, and all those *Vertues* show
From their bright *Seet* shine on the World below?
A while with the Ingenious *P—ck* stay, Patrick
Seraphs themselves stood how might learn to Pray,
With those who fill so well the Sacred Seat,
With those who *are*, or those who *might* be *Great*.
There's *one* who yet commands our *chiefest care*
What *Muse*, tho' *low* as mine is, can forbear,
To raise her Voice that speaks of R—r. Rochester
Thus look'd the God *of Wit*, and thus he sung,
When here, such Musick in his *Face* and *Tongue*:
All smiling, even *Beauteous*, ever *Young*.
Alike their *Brows* adorn'd with deathless *Bays*.
Their *Heads* with *Golden* or with *Silver Rays*.
Judge all ye *Woods*, and judge ye *Sacred Quire*
Which has the greater share of *heavenly Fire*?
Which with more *Art* can touch the tuneful *Lire*?
In him *Religion* like her self is *dress*,
Ev'n grinning *Envy* here has oft confest,

She

She finds no fault, *the Altar has the best.*
How [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by Fate,
How more than Men [illegible] *Fortunate,*
Who from the Worlds *deceitful hurry* free,
Enjoy at once the sight of *Heaven* and *Thee*?
With thee, lov'd Man perpetual *Hymns* acherse
And praise the *Maker* of the *Universe*;
While *Harpa* resound, and pealing *Organs* Blow,
While *Angels* sing *above* and *Saints below*,
All might I (but the Sawcy wish must die.
He *melts his Wings* who dares attempt so high),
Still hear, still feel the *Heavenly Harmony*,
Thither as constant as the day return,
[illegible] *Cowley* [illegible],
How greedily, I'd this dull World forego,
How gladly leave its *Hopes*, and *Cares* below,
All that's *without the Quire* with ease despise,
All [illegible] *Truths* and *flatt'ring gilded lies*?
Mount on the beauteous *Wings* of Heavenly *Love*,
And try if they had *sweeter Songs* above.

FINIS.